

Monmouth's Downfal;

(200.)

OR, THE ROYAL VICTORY.

To the Tune of, *Hark, I hear the Cannons Roar.*

I.

Hark, I hear the Trumpets sound,
The Loyal Joys and Shouts go round ;
Whilst th' Echoing Hills and Dales rebound,
 The Whiggs are all surrounded.
At *Jove*'s dread Thunder, *James*'s Frown,
Behold the Foes of Church and Crown ;
Th' old Rebel Gyants tumbling down,
 To Death and Hell Confounded.

II.

Argyle and *Rumbold*'s Loosing Chance
Began to lead the solemn Dance :
And *Monmouth*'s Fate does next advance,
 To fill the fatal Chorus.
Their mounted Heads begin to make
Our baffled Hero's Courage quake,
And the Good Old Cause a tottering shake ;
 For *James*'s Sword's Victorious.

III.

Come ye great Phanatick Dons,
Welcome all my *Tyburn* Sons ;
Whilst the bending Gibbet groans
 With loads of Whiggs all round her :
And th' Imperial *Tony*'s Ghost,
Lord of all the Stygian Coast,
Salutes the vast descending Host ;
 The mighty Whigland-Founder.

IV.

No more that little Crop-ear'd Saint,
Ferguson's Tub-Gospel Cant
Shall th' aspiring Fop Enchant,
 And make dull fools adore him.
Great *James*, in spight of *Scotch Kirk* Loons,
The feeble *Rumbold* Musquetoons,
And all the Zealous *Taunton* Clowns,
 Shall drive the World before him.

V.

Rampant Zeal 's for ever tamed,
The *Teeklite* Reformation shamm'd,
The Presbyter-Turk, and Devil damn'd,
 And the long charm all ended.
Quench'd are now th' Infernal brands,
Whilst safe from Impious Rebel Hands,
Great *James*'s Life and Empire stands,
 By Angel Guards defended.

VI.

Then our Fears and Sorrows drown'd,
Let the Jocund Bowls go round,
With Royal *Cæsar*'s Health all Crown'd,
 And farewell all Delusion.
To the sanctified True-Blue,
That Hypocrite, false, pretending Crew ;
To give the Rebel Devil his due,
 Perdition and Confusion.

This may be Printed. July 7. 1685. R. L.S.

L O N D O N : Printed for *Nicholas Wolfe*, at the *Leopard* in *Newgate-street*. 1685.